

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE LION-TAMER OF AUGSBURG.

THE surprise and delight of the public in witnessing the exploits of Van Amburgh, in the command he assumes over many ferocious animals have been very great, making them act with a docility far beyond mere brutal instinct, and which would have been looked on in Pagan times as being possessed of supernatural powers. It has been said that Van Amburgh is the first man that ever tamed such animals as lions, tigers, &c.; but this assertion we can very easily prove to be founded in error. True it is, indeed, there is 'nothing new under the sun;' for we find in the very earliest period, that man gave proof he had "dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The serpent-charmers, who are referred to in the 5th verse of the 58th psalm, evidently had the power of controlling serpents by force of their music. In the 'Missionary Magazine,' for March 1837, which says, 'that a charmer

was sent into a garden, when he drew a large cobra di capello from its hole; who, charmed with the music, turned towards the musician, raised its head from the ground, and bending backward and forward, kept time with the tune.' In Strutt's Sports and Pastimes, and other authorities, it will be found our Saxon forefathers made bears and other wild animals completely subservient to their will, in crouching at their feet, licking their hands, and performing whatever was commanded of them.

By referring to our engraving, it will be seen that even the merit of subduing lions is neither due to Monsieur Martin, who exhibited his powers over them at Drury Lane Theatre, in October, 1831, or to Van Amburgh, at the present period; for, in February 1760, a lion, completely tamed and trained, was to be seen in Augsburg. He was managed by his keeper, as represented in the

accompanying engraving, copied from an excessively rare print, engraved by Johann Elias Ridinger, of Vienna; with an inscription in German, of which the following is a literal translation:

"The lion at the direction of the voice and staff of his keeper, immediately throws himself upon the ground, and stretches out his hinder-legs; after which, the man also lies down, placing his body between the animal's fore-legs, one of which lies over his neck, so that they can even kiss each other. At this time, a little dog springs upon the lion's back, and quietly remains standing there. Then when the man rises, another little dog is let out to him, which runs up to the lion barking with his mouth open; and, whether it be from aversion or otherwise, he is allowed to continue unmolested lying between his feet. I have drawn the lion in this position, and likewise in another.* Oh that man in other instances would learn of these wild creatures to subdue their passions."

It was our intention to have given a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the animals, birds, reptiles, &c., that have been publicly exhibited, giving proofs of the power man had over them; but, on looking over our collection, we found that room could not possibly be spared for noticing a tenth part of them; the following notices, we trust, will suffice:

Among the most remarkable trainers, or teachers, or subduers of animals, must certainly be ranked the celebrated Bisset, who was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He so completely brought various animals under his dominion, that he taught monkeys to play on a barrel, to waltz with dogs, &c. &c. He also produced at the Haymarket Theatre, his celebrated *Cat's Opera*, where the cats played several regular tunes on the dulcimer, squalling at the same time, with the music before them: this novelty brought overflowing houses; he also exhibited the exploits of his horse and dog. He taught a leveret to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs; and he declared that the hare, instead of being timid, was as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of his powers, as any he had known. He taught canaries and other birds to spell the name of any person; and other diverting tricks; he taught turkey-cocks to go through a regular country-dance; and made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. In 1780, he showed his learned pig, at Ranelagh Gardens; but just as poor Bisset was about "bringing his pigs to a good market," he became enthralled in a quarrel in Belfast, and died a few days after, on his way to London.

* To be inserted in our next Number.

BANKS, another Scotchman, displayed, perhaps, the most wonderful controul over a horse named Morocco, on record: this was about the year 1598. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," speaks in the highest terms of admiration of him; and Sir Kenelm Digby, in his "Treatise on Bodies," cap. 38, p. 393, informs us, "this horse would restore a glove to the true owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear: would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, by stamping his foot on the ground so many times," &c. &c. Another exploit of this celebrated animal appears to have been that of walking to the top of Paul's Church, an incident alluded to by Decker, in his "Gull's Horn-Booke," 1609. In 1601, he exhibited in Paris; where the magistrates declaring he could not perform such tricks without magic, imprisoned him; but, being shortly afterwards convinced of their error, he was liberated; whereupon, unwarned by this narrow escape, he repaired to Rome, where, to the disgrace of the age, and of humanity, Banks and his horse were burned by the Pope as magicians. Among the entries in the books at Stationers' Hall, is that of a pamphlet, entitled "Morroccus Extaticus; or Banks's bay horse in a trance," prefixed to which is a rude wooden frontispiece, representing the horse standing on his hind legs, with a stick in his mouth; before him is his master with a stick in his hand; on the floor lie a pair of dice, and in the back-ground appear some figures habited in the costume of the times.

In 1759, there was a horse exhibited at the fair of St. Germain, in Paris, so completely under the controul of his master, that he could fire off a pistol with his mouth; he could feign himself lame or dead. If any person of the assembly drew a card, and held it before the horse's eye, he would beat on the ground with his foot as many strokes as there were spots on the card. He could likewise tell what o'clock it was by a watch, by beating with his hoof, expressing the quarter, as a repeating watch, by small redoubled strokes. All these, and many other feats of ingenuity, were seen by a great concourse of spectators. It cannot be doubted but that this horse was guided by the signs or voice of his master; and this assertion of the means adopted to make the animal subservient to the wishes of his keeper is strengthened by the two following quotations from the ninth volume (N.S.) of the "Gent. Mag.," p. 476.

Mr. Rose, in his "Parthenopex de Blois," p. 147, asserts "that an Irish smith, at a race in Ireland, professed to reduce an animal to obedience which had hitherto been perfectly unmanageable. He was for a short time shut up with him in his stable; what passed on the occasion is not known;

the result was, that the horse proved not only disciplined to all useful purposes, but, after receiving a *whisper* (for it was thus he pretended to convey his commands), for the first time performed a variety of tricks with the utmost readiness and docility. The man professed his intention of communicating this secret, but he died suddenly, and the wonder is yet unexplained."

In Casaubon's "History of Incredulity," 1672, 12mo., mention is made of one John Young, a horse-trainer, of Somersetshire, who made a mastiff dog, which he had never seen before, lie down, without touching him, and to remain quite motionless, which feat he accomplished. He began to play on his pipe, and presently the dog, who was at some distance, began to reel; and when the man left off piping, the dog recovered, and was as well as usual. It was also asserted by a woman in the house, that this Young would tame the fiercest horse or bull, by speaking a word or two in their ears, and they would become so tractable, that they allowed themselves to be led with a string, and in this state did ride them. This he had achieved very often with the fiercest bulls and horses. Young also, for a wager of 10*l.*, made another fierce mastiff, belonging to a tanner, lie down in a similar manner as he did the dog we just mentioned. This he also actually accomplished by piping to them. It is thus evident "that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

[This subject will be completed in a future number; and illustrated by two engravings from excessively rare prints in the unique collection of Mr. Fillinham, who with the greatest politeness and liberality, has not only furnished us with them, but also with the scarce original from which our accompanying engraving is accurately copied.]

IRISH LEGENDS.

THE monks of Ireland, in the middle ages (says a recent writer), seem to have surpassed their brethren of Britain in the art of fabricating history; the latter went no higher than the days of Brute, the Trojan, while the former asserted that the grand-daughter of Adam came to Ireland, with a numerous colony, before the primitive race had degenerated into crime. The next band of colonists that arrived are stated to have been Greeks, under the guidance of Partholuanus, whose genealogy they traced from Noah. After this, several new tribes arrived from places equally illustrious, but their fame is absorbed by that of the Milesian colony, whose arrival in Ireland is dated previous to the Argonautic expedition. The history of the Milesians is detailed at length in the Irish legends. They were, it appears, a Phœnician branch of the vast Scythic nation, to whom the greatest revolutions in ancient

and modern times have been generally ascribed. Phenius, the chief legislator of the tribe, having invented letters and some important arts of civilized life, acquired so great a fame in the neighbouring nations, that the Egyptian king sent ambassadors to his court. Niul, the son of Phenius, progenitor of the O'Neill family, was sent, with a numerous train, to return the compliment, and so highly pleased Pharaoh, that he obtained his daughter in marriage, and a fertile tract on the banks of the Egyptian river as her dowry. From him the river Nile takes its name; and from him Egypt derived all that knowledge which, in subsequent ages, entitled her to be named the parent of civilization. Shortly after this, the Exodus occurred; and, the Phœnicians having treated the departing Israelites with much generosity, the Egyptians, who survived the calamity of the Red Sea, were so indignant that they expelled the Phœnicians from their territories; and, after a long course of wandering, in which they successively established themselves in Crete, Africa, and Spain, they at last landed in Erin, bringing with them the knowledge of letters and the elements of civilization, long before Greece had emerged from barbarism, or Italy received the arts of social life. W. G. C.

THE DYING YEAR.

(For the Mirror.)

Awa thou art speeding fast away,
Departing Year, with noiseless wing;
I hear thy requiem whispering—
Farewell!—but yet a moment stay,
E'er gathering night,
Tells of thy flight,
And the deep midnight bell
Thy last adieu shall tell.
And thou shalt join the dim long gathered years,
Mark'd with earth's joy and woe, its sunshine and
its tears!

And since thy dawn, bright eyes have closed,
That dream'd not then so soon to die;
That on hope's flattering smile reposed,
In health and fond security,—
Now low and cold, I see the rank grass wave,
Unmark'd, unheeded, on that dreamer's grave!

The sable garb, the weeping eye,
Proclaim that thou hast passed by,
And weary, weary age,
Hath clos'd time's pilgrimage.
And childhood's laugh is hush'd in death,
And beauty left her flowery wreath,
The shroud their livery all, the hill-cock green beneath.

And where the joyous hearth was bright,
And mirth and music rung,
Now memory with a ghastly light,
A funeral note has sung!
The trophies round thy ear, receding Year,
Affection's broken chain, and mute bereavement's
tear!

And "nearer lies the laud to which we go,"
The peopled strand, beyond time's gliding river,
Where happy spirits rest from mortal woe,
And bathe 'n the pure springs of life for ever—
When pass'd a few more years, or months, or hours;
May that eternal home, that heritage be ours!
Kirtou-Lindsay. ANNE R—

The Naturalist.

BOTANY.

Leaves of Plants.

INTO the composition of leaves, enter all the elementary tissues of which the plant is composed. The vessels are collected into bundles in the petiole (or leaf-stalk); and branch out in the leaves. The thickness of leaves, (which varies much in different kinds of plants), depends on the quantity of cellular tissue they contain. We treated of that tissue in our second number (see page 130). In thick leaves, the upper surface (or *page*, as it is sometimes called) is generally level; while the under one swells out, so as, in some cases, to be of a triangular form. The shape of leaves presents an endless variety. Dr. Litton says he has sometimes endeavoured to draw, from fancy, a new shape; but, provided it was symmetrical, he always found a leaf resembling it. On account of this variety, it is very difficult to classify leaves; but the best system is that which is founded on the course of the *nerves*,—as the prominent lines in leaves are denominated. In this way we get two classes; the first distinguished by *branching nerves*, and the second by *parallel nerves*. The shape of leaves depends on the manner in which the subdivisions of the nerves terminate. The petiole is generally on the same plane with the leaf; but is sometimes perpendicular to it; as in *peltate* leaves, as they are called,—from their resemblance to a round *shield* ("petla"). In aquatic plants, this arrangement allows the leaves to lie on the surface of the water. Some say that in *serrated* leaves (so called from their margin resembling the edge of a *saw*,—"serra") the points are designed to carry off electricity. Branched nerves belong to dicotyledonous plants; parallel nerves to monocotyledonous; so that by a fragment of a leaf, you can tell to which of these two great divisions a plant belongs. In a monocotyledonous leaf, there is often no *midrib*,—as the middle nerve is called. Its long fibres are often employed as thread; which, in dicotyledonous plants, is obtained from the bark. There are generally parallel nerves in *lanceolate* (or *lance-shaped*) leaves.

Ferns are the only plants among the *cryptogamia* (plants without flowers) that have vessels; and in the leaves of which nerves are seen. If leaves have no petiole, they are called *sessile*. The petiole is generally channeled, or grooved, on its upper edge; as are also the large vessels of the leaf; so that the water is conveyed along the leaf and its stalk to the plant. Some leaves are convex on their surface, in order to throw off the water; as *peltate* leaves, before referred to. It is said that rushes growing in a *dry* soil are channeled; and

that those in a *wet* soil are not. Decandolle says that the leaves of a plant reach to the same extent as its roots; and that the extremities of the latter receive the water dropping from the leaves where it is most needed. The channel on the petiole forms a cradle for the young bud. Some sessile leaves are inserted into the stem of the plant; as in the aspen; but others embrace it; as in monocotyledonous plants. The lower part of the stem of the palm, for instance, seems to be formed of the sheaths of petioles. By a similar arrangement bulbs are produced. In some plants, the leaves form cups, where they embrace the stem; which cups retain water; and are thus often of great service to travellers. The same thing may also occur in dicotyledonous plants, from another cause. When two opposite leaves have short stalks, the expanded parts of the latter coming together, are agglutinated; and thus a cup is formed. The honeysuckle furnishes us with an example of this arrangement.

A leaf is called *compound*, when its stalk sends off divisions; as in the chestnut, trefoil, &c. If these divisions are subdivided, the leaf is *doubly* compound; if again subdivided, *triply* compound, &c. Compound leaves impart great beauty to the acacias in hot countries. The sensitive plant has an *articulated* petiole,—a *jointed* foot-stalk; and Dutrochet says that it has a spring above and another below; according to the relative strength of which, the leaf is raised or let fall. All the leaves on a tree are generally of the same size when full-grown; but in some trees, as the mulberry, the leaves present a striking difference. When the ivy trails on the ground, its leaves are *lobed*; but if it mount a wall or a tree, its leaves are *plain*. The use of leaves is not accurately known. The fruit is found to grow beneath the leaves; whence, in hot countries, the leaves are very large; as in the palm-tree. One species of the latter is mened as having leaves fifteen feet long, and the plantain sometimes has leaves ten feet long. Some plants, flowering in cold weather, have small leaves, in order that the sun's rays may be freely admitted; as is seen in the crocus. Alpine trees have large flowers and small leaves. Palms grow higher than other trees; and, by their large leaves, afford them shade. The leaf also protects the young bud; which is inserted into its *axilla* (the part where its stalk is attached to the tree). Sometimes there is a *stipula* (or small leaf) on each side of the axilla, to afford greater protection to the bud. The sheath of grasses is for the same purpose.

Leaves are also organs of transpiration. If you put a leaf into a glass-globe exposed to the heat of the sun, the inside of the globe will become covered with dew,—from the condensation of moisture transpired by

the leaf. It is not to be considered as mere *evaporation*, but as a *vital process*. In succulent plants there is but little transpiration;—the moisture being retained by the peculiar texture of the leaf. A sprig of aloe hung up, will retain its moisture for years. A sun-flower, three feet and-a-half high, gave out twenty ounces of water in twelve hours. A chameleon-tree gave out, in a day, water equal to three times its own weight. The *stomata* of plants (so called from *stoma*, a mouth;—open pores, as it were) are said to be organs of transpiration; and that the hairs of plants are designed to regulate it;—being found most abundant in plants exposed to the light. Some plants, in hot countries, seem to be covered with a coat of hair, or down. At the Cape of Good Hope, there is what is called “the stocking-tree;” which yields a coat like leather, or German tinder, in the shape of gloves or stockings. One object of transpiration is to remove the superfluous water from a plant. It relieves the turgescence of the vessels, by taking away some of the water which has been absorbed by the roots. This water is absorbed by the spongioles; but by what power, is disputed. It was said by Sir Isaac Newton to be capillary attraction; but there are insuperable objections to this hypothesis:—1. A fluid will not rise in dead plants; which it ought to do if the power were mere capillary attraction. 2. You never can get a liquid plant to flow over the top of a capillary tube; but if a vine be cut across, the sap rises and overflows. Dutrochet says it is by a *vital power*, called *endosmose*. If we hang a small bag, containing an animal or vegetable substance, in a fluid, the latter passes into the bag. When putrefaction begins, the fluid passes out by *exosmose*. Dutrochet says, that if a small tube be inserted in this bag, the fluid will rise in it, and overflow. He calls this apparatus an *endosmometer*. N. R.

THE MYTHS OF THE ANCIENTS.

FOR upwards of six thousand years those marvellous compositions of the human intellect, which go by the name of myths or fables, have never ceased to exert a powerful influence over the minds of men. Fable, in other words, is as old as the world itself. She retains to this day, and moreover ever will retain, her empire: we cannot choose but love her—we are even born for her. She cannot be better likened than to an immortal, whose deceptive siren-tongue, at all times, amuses, hers being emphatically “the voice of the charmer.” Let but her lips be opened, and she forthwith surrounds us with prodigies; ever in the place of realities substituting, or at least assisting them with pleasing and delightful chimeras. Submitting herself, nevertheless, to history and philosophy,

she never deceives, except the better to instruct us. Faithful to preserve the realities which are entrusted to her, she envelops with her seducing covering, both the lessons of the one, and the truths of the other. The graceful compliment of the *nil teligit quod non ornavit*—the touching nothing, but to adorn it, peculiarly applies to her.

As a novel instance of the foregoing remarks, a beautiful little myth is introduced to the notice of the reader, which carries in it some point and beauty. It opens by relating that the young Bacchus was just beginning to take those elementary lessons which should thereafter render him a fit member of the Olympian hierarchy. Silenus was accordingly selected as a fit master to instruct him, and to instil into his mind the precepts of divine wisdom. On the day in question the young scholar sought the Muses, (or, un-mythologically to express it, proceeded to learn his lesson of poetry), in the wood, the silence of which was unbroken, save by the gush of fountains and the song of birds. The son of Semele, to study the language of the gods, sat himself down at the foot of a venerable oak, which had formerly given oracles, and which time had not dared to cut down with his trenchant axe. Near this sacred and ancient tree a young faun had concealed himself, who listened to the verses which his young godship sang, and who satirically noted to Silenus, with a mocking little laugh, all the faults which his juvenile disciple made. Moreover, the naiads, and all the other nymphs of the woods—whether Oread, Dryad, or Hamadriad, smiled also. This sagacious little critic was young, graceful, and arch of manner: his head was filleted with ivy and vine, and his temples ornamented with grape-clusters; from his left shoulder down to his right side, hung a festoon of ivy, in the fashion of a scarf; and the young wine-god was well pleased to see those leaves consecrated as they were to his divinity. The faun at length became somewhat warmer in his critical remarks, and his little laughter quite thrilled the spot: he hammered against the tree for very joy with a little knotty crooked stick he had in his hand, and his ringlets behind, by reason of his merry motions, seemed as if disporting on his back. But as Bacchus could not endure such a malignant laughter, always ready to mock his expressions, if they happened in the least to deviate from strict purity or elegance, he said to him in a tone, at once fierce and impatient, “How dare you mock the son of Jupiter?” The little faun answered quizzically, without moving, “Eh! how dares the son of Jupiter make a fault?”

By exemplary relations of such a nature as the preceding, fable always exerts a beneficial influence on the mind; and if she relates at other times stories sown with marvels and prodigies, they are framed by her for the purpose

of exciting unusual curiosity, and thereby more forcibly engraving all the circumstances of truth upon the memory.

Fable, indeed, wields most powerfully her magic sceptre, in producing miracles and metamorphoses. Her sway is most delightfully felt when she transports us from a world where we are always ill and displeased, into another world which, created by imagination, contains all that can administer pleasure. In her immense loom, multitudinous and variegated are the woofs, and all are more or less brilliant and entertaining. She personifies the clouds, the waters, and the elements, and thus makes nature enter, as it were, into an universal brotherhood with man. If the morning comes forth fairly—who is it but a young goddess that opens the gates of the east, dispenses freshness to the air, and strews the pathway of the sun with rubies. If the rainbow flings its rich and many-coloured scarf from one end of the horizon to the other, are not these the luminous traces of the passage of Iris, who carries to the earth the orders of Juno? And when the bright luminary of night, journeying through heaven, is it not the silver-bowed Diana, hunting on the heavenly plains, and shooting her silver shafts? or if, perchance, hidden by the dark intervention of a massy cloud, what fairer thought than that, in a beclouded Latman cave, she receives the tender homage of the beauteous Kndymion?

It is thus that fable toys with truth, throwing over her nakedness a brilliant and an imaginative covering. She is ever intent on enlarging our minds, or consoling the calamities of our stations, by painting things fairer and more acceptable than in reality they are. This, so long as it is not subversive of right principles, is pleasant and praise-worthy, since it helps to lighten and cheer the heaviness of our lot. There are few who to preserve themselves perfectly free from sorrow and inquietude, but would consent to be innocently deceived all the years they have to live.

— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid velat?

W. A.

CARES OF A SECRETARY OF STATE.

It is quite surprising to notice, amid the multitude of important cares which constantly engrossed the attention of Sir William Cecil, (Queen Elizabeth's favourite minister,) what trifles were occasionally obtruded upon him. An amusing instance of this is supplied by a letter which Christopher Jonson, Master of Winchester School, addressed to the Secretary, complaining of the perverseness of Richard Lydlington, one of his scholars. The letter is undated, but was written in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"The whole matter is thus:—As at all

tymes I ever founde him very tumultuous and disobedient, so a litle before his repayre to your Honoure, a pykery (pillage) being committed amongst my scholares, and the suspicion falling vehemently upon him, (besyde his owne confession,) I happened to chalenge him for the same; but he choosinge rather to be expelled, as he sayde, than corrected for his fault, drew his knyfe at me, which he had for the purpose provided; and standinge at ward agaynst me and our subwarden, shoed such an example of stubbennesse to my scholars as theis twenty years I have not hard the lyke. Notwithstandinge, being apprehended and punished for this disorder, the same day he departed the college without license, but with such a threatninge stomach, bye report, as that I was adertyved by my friends to beware of his secrete malice. The next tyme I sawe him, he brought your Honoures Letters; upon the sight whereof I received him agayne, though I perceived he had glosed (palliated the matter) altogether with you. Synce that tyme, hitherto, he hath continued in suche overthwartness, as (were it not for your Honoures sake) neither I nor the College cold bare him. That which we doe in sufferinge his evell rule, I fear will prove to the animating of others farder then good order can abyde. This I beseke your honoure consider of, and pardon me if towards such I discharge my vocation. From the College by Winchester, the xvijth of Maie."

H. E. B.

ADVENTURE IN A STEAM-BOAT.

HAVING been frequently invited by a maternal uncle, who had removed in early life from Lancashire, to a village on the western coast of Argyleshire, to pay him a visit, I, at last, got matters so far settled as to have a few months at my own disposal, which I thought could not be turned to better account than in paying my respects to my worthy relation.

As I set out with the intention of exploring as much as possible of the romantic scenery amidst which my uncle had located himself, I embarked at Blackwall on board the "*Duchess of Sutherland*" steam-boat for Inverness, intending to cross from thence to Skye, and some others of the Western Isles.

My present object is simply to narrate an adventure which occurred to me during my northern trip; I shall not, therefore, attempt to describe the magnificent scenery of the Western Highlands. After spending a few days admiring the wild grandeur of the island of Skye, I left Jean Town by the "*Maid of Morven*" steamer, for Oban, a beautiful little village on the main land, near which my uncle resided. The morning was delightfully still and calm; but the valleys and lowland near the coast were shrouded in a thick veil of mist, while, probably, the sun shone in all its

splendour on the towering peak of Ben-Storr, covered with eternal snow. There is something awfully grand in standing, as I have often done, on the summit of a lofty mountain in the brilliant sunshine of a summer morning, and hearing the busy hum of life ascend from the dark sea of mist spread out underneath.

As we advanced on our voyage, the mist still continued to cover the "face of the waters" so thick that, in spite of all our precautions, we ran foul of a large brig lying at anchor in the Sound of Mull. All was now confusion on board, nor could the extent of our damage be ascertained, till something like order had been restored. It was then discovered that our mizen-mast and larboard quarter-bulwark had been carried away, and the funnel knocked down, by which one unfortunate fellow was killed, and several others were more or less injured.

After remaining more than two hours in this helpless condition, we got matters so far righted as to be able to continue our voyage.

The impenetrable curtain of mist that had hitherto veiled surrounding objects from our view, was suddenly withdrawn, as if by the hand of an enchanter, and the bold outlines of the wild scenery of the island of Mull, on the one hand, and that of the rocky coast of the "windy Marven" on the other, were reflected on the glassy surface of the water, undisturbed by a single ripple, except in the wake of our disabled ship. As we neared Aros, a small boat was descried making towards us, evidently bringing an accession of passengers, and on its nearer approach, we observed it contained, besides the rowers, a lady and gentleman—the latter dressed in the Highland costume. The boat being secured alongside, the lady was handed on board by her companion, who, however, immediately quitted her, and hurrying down the side, as if wishing to escape observation, was rowed off in his little skiff, which soon diminished to a small dark speck in the distant horizon.

Our fair fellow-passenger was a beautiful young girl of about eighteen years of age,—diminutive in figure—a lover would say *fairy-like*—but a perfect model of symmetry—a complexion of the most delicate hue, shaded by a profusion of dark glossy ringlets, and a pair of such bewitching eyes!—so dark and expressive, but so exquisitely soft! Her whole attention, since her arrival on board, had been directed towards the skiff, which evidently bore away a loved object—a brother, perhaps,—no—he must have been a lover; the expression of that "last, long, lingering look," directed to the tiny bark, too clearly indicated the state of her feelings—she had been separated for a time, by circumstances over which she had no controul, from him who first whispered into her ear the soft voice of love—who had first taught her young and

guileless heart to beat with feelings of emotion in his presence, or even at the sound of his name, and with whom she hoped to be united on some future day, by the most sacred and endearing ties. Observing that the part of the vessel she occupied, probably for the sake of avoiding observation, was that which was left unprotected by the removal of the bulwark, I was proceeding to disturb her reveries, with the view of warning her of the danger to which she was exposed; but just as I was in the act of addressing her, she suddenly turned round, and perceiving her perilous situation, lost her presence of mind, and fell overboard. My first impulse was to plunge in after her; but recollecting that I was but an indifferent swimmer, I threw over a long bench which had been detached from its place by the collision with the brig, and immediately followed it. All this was the work of a few seconds. On emerging from the "vasty deep" after the first plunge, I perceived my fair companion struggling in the water at no great distance. Animated by that superhuman strength with which the prospect of saving a fellow-being's life sometimes inspires one, I struck out, encumbered with clothing that at another time would have sunk me, with apparent ease, and succeeded in reaching the drowning girl, just as the "world of waters" was closing over her. After much difficulty I gained the floating bench, where I was able to sustain my fair charge in comparative safety, until we were picked up by the boat sent from the vessel to our assistance.

Every means which the limited accommodation of our ship could afford, or kindness suggest, was used to restore the "vital spark" which had been so rudely assailed in its frail tenement. Our efforts were at last successful; in the course of two hours she had sufficiently recovered to thank me in the warmest terms for the life I had saved, and begged to know the name and address of one to whom she owed a debt of eternal gratitude. I presented her with my card, bearing, as I afterwards found, my name only. In a few minutes our vessel was alongside the quay of Oban, and leaving it to continue its voyage to the south, I hastened to the nearest inn to disencumber myself of my wet garments.

One evening, about six months after the events related above, I went to the Haymarket theatre, to see that talented writer and actor, Sheridan Knowles, perform in one of his own popular plays. After the performance was over, I was making the best of my way through the crowd in the lobby, when my attention was attracted by the appearance of a tall military-looking personage dressed in the Highland garb. As I was admiring the fine proportions of his tall, manly figure, which his Celtic habili-

nients set off to the best advantage, I heard a person near me utter some scurrilous national reflections, which were evidently intended for the ear of the Highlander. The words had hardly escaped his lips, when the athletic mountaineer, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at my head, under the impression that the offensive epithet had been uttered by me. Seeing his brawny arm sweep towards me like the wing of a windmill, I had barely time to "duck," and my hat flew to the other side of the lobby. I could not but acquiesce in the justice of the summary vengeance which his offended nationality prompted him to take, however I might deprecate his selection of myself as the object of it, and therefore began to remonstrate calmly with him; but he was in a towering passion—gave me the *lie*, and, handing me his card, exclaimed,—“If you are a gentleman, you shall give or receive satisfaction according to circumstances.” I had no alternative but to accept the proffered card, which I accordingly did, and, giving him mine in return, we parted.

On reflecting on what had passed, I could not help cursing the folly, to say the least of it, of those hot-headed mountaineers, in wearing their national dress in a place where it is so likely to draw forth remarks which their irascible tempers can so ill brook. I believe I was led into this train of thought by the very agreeable prospect of being perhaps shot through the head, before my adversary could be convinced of his mistake, merely because a blackguard followed the instinct of his nature in uttering abusive language. Before I was up next morning, I heard a loud voice on the stairs, asking my servant whether his master was up, and presently a violent knocking at the door of my bedchamber. I hastily arose, and on opening the door, was not a little startled to see my tall friend of the preceding evening standing before me. Doubtful of his intentions, I at first held the door partly open; but his good-humoured smile, and the friendly offer of his hand, soon banished all fear of violence. “Mr. B—,” cried the impetuous Celt, “I beg your pardon—not for striking you;—because I *then* thought you had insulted me—but for doubting your word when you calmly remonstrated with me. From what I have since learnt of you, I believe you incapable of uttering ungentlemanly language, or falsehood;—and now, if you accept my apology, I have a favour to ask—come to breakfast with me; I will introduce you to an old acquaintance of yours. Ask no questions, but say you’ll come.” I at once accepted the apology and the invitation, and dressing myself, walked away with my new friend, glad to find that my anticipations of a hostile meeting had not been realized. After half an hour’s walk we arrived at — square, where my

conductor informed me he was *quartered* at present. The door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a handsomely-furnished apartment, where the first object that met my wondering eyes was my fair steam-boat companion—the beautiful girl I had been the means of saving from the “watery element” during my excursion in the Highlands.

It appeared that she had been married about three months before, to her cousin, Lieutenant Roderick M’Lean, of the — Regiment—the same who accompanied her on board the steam-boat, and to whose acquaintance I had been introduced in such an unpleasant manner on the previous night.

His wife, with whose aunt they were at present residing, had accidentally seen my card, and recognizing it, eagerly asked her husband how he came by it. He at first thought, from her anxious look, that she had discovered his quarrel at the theatre; but she soon convinced him of his error, by producing another card—the counterpart of the one in his possession, except the address. This was enough—he had often heard the adventure of the steam-boat, and longed to thank the preserver of his dear Emily; but from the unfortunate omission of my address, all his efforts to trace me had failed, till chance threw me in his way. A.

Fine Arts.

STATUE OF DR. VALPY.

A STATUE of the late Dr. Valpy, by Mr. Samuel Nixon, has just been finished, under the patronage of the doctor’s pupils, to be erected as a memorial of their gratitude, in the church of St. Lawrence, Reading. It is nearly seven feet high, and represents the learned doctor in his canonicals, sculptured in an entire block of stone, from the quarries of Roche Abbey, Yorkshire. Pre-eminently successful, as the artist has been in the folding of the drapery and gracefulness of the attitude, he has been equally so in producing a truly *intellectual* portrait of the learned original. It is altogether a superior work of art, and redounds highly to the credit of the sculptor.

There were also several other specimens in the gallery by Mr. Nixon, particularly some models of female figures, which pleased us much, by their novelty and spirited execution; the artist imparting to clay all that noble daring and boldness of execution which the gifted *Salvator Rossa*, so wonderfully displayed on the canvas. We trust Mr. Nixon will produce ‘many more such like gems of art.’

New Books.

A BOOK OF THE PASSIONS.

By G. P. R. James.

(Concluded from page 373.)

[We proceed to give an abstract (with extracts) of the fourth tale, entitled *BLANCHE OF NAVARRE*, illustrative of the passion of *LOVE*.]

On the occasion of the marriage of the King of Navarre with Isabel of Valois, the city of Pampeluna was the scene of extraordinary excitement. Ambassadors from the court of France escorted the lovely bride into that capital, and all the inhabitants eagerly desired to see their new Queen. The King of Navarre was of a soft and yielding character, and had, hitherto, shared the dominion of his court with his only sister, Blanche, a princess in whom the milder virtues which formed her brother's disposition, were conjoined with a nobler intellect and a firmer mind. Blanche was beloved by the people with a peculiar fondness, and they watched, with a jealous curiosity, the demeanour of her, to whose influence was now to yield that of their cherished princess.

Among those who arrived in the suite of Isabel, the nobleman most distinguished by his rank and personal qualities, was Francis, Count of Foix; but whatever might be inherently good in his character, had been but occasionally manifested; to the observation of the world, his career was marked, save when exerted in warlike adventure, by the achievements of the reckless libertine. But we may here with advantage introduce an extract from our author. "On the third night after his arrival, he sat late with several of his followers who had accompanied him from France, and with one or two of the young Navarrese nobility, congenial in tastes and habits, but less advanced in systematic vice than the gay cavalier who had now come amongst them. They talked of pleasure and of joy, and of excited passions; and many a bright thought and sparkling fancy followed the cup, as it circled round the table, and gave a zest and a grace to the idle and the loose, and the vain tales which formed the great mass of their conversation. They had drank deep, when one of the Navarrese, bowing his head over the full cup, said, with a smile, 'To your next conquest, fair Count of Foix; to your next conquest.' The count filled his cup, and replied, 'Willingly, lords, willingly! to Blanche, of Navarre!'

"The brows of the Navarrese were suddenly contracted, and they turned their flashing looks upon each other. At length, one whose renown in arms saved him from the insignificance of vice, replied boldly, 'Sir Count of Foix, we welcome thee to our land as a distinguished stranger, skilled in the arts

of love and the science of pleasure, well known for noble and for knightly deeds, courteous, and gay and liberal! and we are willing to give all free scope to your pleasant fancies; but you know not our feelings here to one whom you have just named. She is our native princess, and has grown up amongst us, under our own eyes, and amidst the love of all: smile not, sir count, for we will bear no trifling with her name. She has the love of all,—of good and bad alike. But it is that pure and nobler love which to the good is natural, and which, in the bosom of the bad, plants at least one good thing. Speak not of her with one vain hope or idle expectation. Her every thought is virtue; and the high spirit that dwells in that bright form is pure as a saint in heaven. We see all her actions,—we know all her deeds. Is there sorrow—is there misfortune in the city or the land, there is Blanche of Navarre to be found, comforting, consoling, aiding. Is virtue, in honour, is noble generosity heard of, the voice of Blanche of Navarre is raised to give it praise. Is wrong committed, or injustice done, hers is the tongue to plead for the oppressed, however mighty the oppressor; hers the lip to call down punishment on the evil-doer, however great, however favoured, however high. Is there, on the contrary, evil or vice, in whatever glittering robes arrayed, concealed under whatever specious form, though voiced with music and garlanded with flowers, sure is it to shrink from the face of Blanche of Navarre, as the birds of night fly from the keen eye of the searching day. I say to you, Count of Foix, smile not! Well do I know that my lip is all unfit to speak the praise of purity like hers; but I tell thee boldly, that although in the late plague she sat beside the dying wretch, foul and fearful in all the livid horror of the pestilence, and bent her bright head over the bed of misery and of death, as well in the lowest cabin, as within the palace walls, without one look of disgust or apprehension,—I tell thee, she would shrink from thee and thy loose words as from toad or adder, or any other noisome thing.'

The Count of Foix replied, betraying but partially the chagrin he felt, and repeating his boastings in more direct terms. The entertainment passed off quietly, but afterwards a duel takes place between the Count of Foix, and Don Ferdinand de Leyda, in which both of them are severely wounded. Grief, rather beyond the occasion, is manifested by the Queen, who announces her intention to visit the sick chamber of the Count of Foix, and with no very good grace concurs in a suggestion of the King, that she should be accompanied by his sister Blanche. The interview produces salutary effects on the mind of the count; a passing remark of Blanche 'that the sickness of the body often cures the diseases

of the mind,' presses itself on his reflection; his better feelings are awakened, and the reckless impulses of licentious passion gradually and permanently give place in his heart to pure and fervent love. The change does not take place unperceived either by Isabel or Blanche; in the latter it induces a prepossession favourable to the count's desires, in the former it stirs up the deadly feelings of jealousy and hatred. The count, some time after his convalescence, ventures to declare his passion; he is encouraged by her reception of it to look forward to their ultimate union, and gives vent to his feelings with the warmth of mingled respect and affection.

Isabel, meanwhile, by a series of machinations, gradually undermines the influence of Blanche, and at length succeeds in procuring her banishment from court to a distant castle. "To this abode was Blanche of Navarre borne by those who escorted her; and the orders which were given, in her hearing, to the captain of the fortress, into whose hands she was delivered, showed her that she was thenceforth a prisoner, condemned unheard, and punished though innocent. The only thing that marked her brother's love, or her brother's consideration, was, that the apartments assigned to her were spacious, and arranged with taste, for her convenience."

The Count, attended by three companions, under the disguise of pilgrims, receives hospitality from the governor, and he contrives to obtain an interview with Blanche; during which he reiterates assurances of his ardent love, and advises her to make her escape from the castle in disguise under his protection. The party pass the outer gate undiscovered; previously, however, having been alarmed by the sound of unusual footsteps in the castle, and their apprehensions are afterwards realized, by the discovery of a party in pursuit. The Count is at length compelled to let Blanche go forward with two of his trusty followers, while he remains with the rest to defend a pass in the mountains, which, left unguarded, must insure their capture by the pursuers. The Count's conflict with the latter is severe, but successful; and they finally retreat upon hearing advance, to the Count's support, troops from the French side of the pass. "With towering front they withdrew, from time to time wheeling round to see that they were not pursued in turn; but no such purpose was entertained by Francis of Foix, whose first questions were addressed to his newly-arrived followers. They informed him that they had met with a frightened lady and her waiting damsel, accompanied by old Gaspard of Cerolles; that she bade them hasten down to the assistance of their lord; and that old Gaspard had come on with them to show them where he was. Francis of Foix

could not find in his heart to speak harshly to his old retainer; but he blamed him mildly for having left the lady, and then rode on as fast as possible to seek her, leaving a party behind to bring away the dead and wounded of his retinue." The Count rides on in the hope of rejoining Blanche, but, after finding in a path the pilgrim's cloak in which he had wrapped her, and a few steps onward, dead, the jennet on which she had been mounted, he seeks in vain any further trace of her.

There is here a lapse in the story. The scene is changed to the States of Navarre, where, under the presidency of the king, a decree is passed, excluding "Blanche of Navarre and her children, to all generations, from the throne of those realms." Murmurs arise in the assembly against the harshness of this decree; and on an allusion to the Count of Foix under the name of her "paramour," a loud voice from amongst the multitude exclaims, "It is false as hell!" "The monarch started on his feet, and made an angry movement with his hand; but the chancellor interposed, and, pointing to the spot whence the sound had proceeded, he said, 'let yon traitor be arrested who has dared to give the lie to his sovereign's solemn declaration before the States, that Blanche of Navarre has fled with her paramour, the Count of Foix.'"

"It is false as hell!" thundered the same voice; and a man, covered with one of those wide black robes, common from time immemorial in the valley of Bastan, strode forward through the crowd, that yielded to him as he advanced; and, setting his foot upon the steps of the platform, and shaking his clenched hand against the chancellor, he repeated, while the hood fell back and discovered his whole head and face,— "It is false as hell!—Degraded king!—I tell you it is false as hell!—I, Francis of Foix, here give you the lie to your beards, and hurl back against yourselves the base and degrading terms which ye use to the pure, the noble, and the good!"

Consternation pervades the assembly—the Count is arrested, and conveyed away to a solitary dungeon. After the lapse of many days a court is held within the walls of the prison;—within those walls he is doomed to lose his head two days after the sentence. Isabel of Valois finds an opportunity to visit the Count in his dungeon, and, by the promise of her interposition, vainly endeavours to shake his fidelity towards Blanche. She retires deeply incensed, and, anxious to discover where Blanche is concealed, advises the king to let the execution of the Count be public. "Proclaim," said she, "that, on the day after to-morrow, at the hour of noon, Francis of Foix, condemned to death for having entered your dominions with the

semblance of pence; for having gone into your frontier-fortresses as a spy, and afterwards having, in arms, attacked and slain your subjects in the execution of your orders, will bow his head to the block, and undergo the sentence of his judges. Let this be spread far and wide; and, my life for it, if Blanche of Navarre be within hearing of the tale, she will come forth from her concealment to save her lover from the sword."

The king reluctantly consents to adopt that course—he fears the interference of the French king, and he has misgivings of rebellion among his own subjects. The fatal day arrives, and the Count is led to the place of execution. After an energetic address, in which he denounces the injustice of all the proceedings, and vindicates the purity of the absent princess—"There was a movement in the crowd beyond; there came loud voices and shouting tongues. The populace drew back, and opened a way towards the scaffold; and a hand-litter moved forward through the midst, preceded by a cavalier in the simple robes of pence, but followed by a long train of men-at-arms. The king of Navarre gazed eagerly upon the sight, with feelings well nigh approaching to dastard fear; but his apprehensions were instantly relieved, when he recognised in the first of the train the person of Don Ferdinand de Leyda.

"Where am I—whither have ye brought me?" said a voice from the litter, as soon as they set it down at the foot of the scaffold; and at the same moment, a small fair hand from within drew back the curtains. It was the hand of Blanche of Navarre. Her eye first fell upon the multitude, who, silent as death, watched for some coming event; and at the sight of the wide sea of coming faces that swept around her, she shrunk back again. But the moment after, the scaffold and its dreadful apparel, the block, the executioner, the guards, met her eyes,—with Francis of Foix, chained and bareheaded in the front. The multitude was forgotten: deep, overpowering love, was all she felt; all that she thought of was fear for him she loved. She clasped her hands—she gazed at him one moment in breathless agony; then darting forward, she passed the guards, who opposed her not, cast herself into his arms, and wept. A loud shout of pity and sympathy broke from the people; but it was scarcely sufficient to drown a wild and angry cry which came from a tall window above the scaffold, at which also, a beautiful but fiendish face was seen glaring for a moment. There were swords drawn amongst the people also. The men-at-arms who had followed the litter, pressed on and surrounded the scaffold; and the king, pale as death, faltered forth an order to stay the execution." The frantic Isabel now endeavoured to urge on the execution:—in vain. A message from the French king, demanding

the liberation of the Count; a declaration signed by two hundred of Navarrese nobles, that they will not abet their monarch in injustice, become motives all-powerful. The Count is liberated, and ere long united to his beloved Blanche. "Isabel of Valois was never restored to reason; and in less than two years she died, exhausted by the fury of her ravings. Francis of Foix bore his bride to his own sweet mountain territory, with joy, and pride, and hope. Blanche of Navarre had taught him the difference between false and real love; and in so teaching, had conferred upon him a blessing for which he was never ungrateful.

"Their days passed in happiness and peace. That which would give pain to Blanche of Navarre, Francis of Foix would in no shape do: that which would give her pleasure, it was his first wish to accomplish. But Blanche of Navarre and virtue were one: and he followed the dictates of honour and of reason when he followed the dictates of love."

[Our readers, we are persuaded, will have formed a favourable opinion of the merits of this volume from the extracts we have given. The subjects of the other tales are *Remorse*, *Jealousy*, *Despair*, and *Hatred*, and though they are less to our taste than those on *Revenge* and *Love*, they possess a similar sustained interest, and are written in that heightened style and chivalrous spirit which distinguish the writings of the author. The plates, sixteen in number, engraved under the superintendence of Heath, are, many of them, of great beauty, and take rank with the best of those which adorn our annuals.]

THE PLAGUE NOT CONTAGIOUS.

(Concluded from page 380.)

CREDULITY has divided, and long habit has sanctioned the division, of all articles into two classes—the susceptible and the non-susceptible of contagion—substances which can, and substances which cannot, communicate the disease. It would be wasting words to expatiate on the absurdities to which this capricious and unreasoning fancy has given rise. For example, feathers are considered as peculiarly susceptible. I recollect, when escorted to the Lazzaret of Shappanek, the guides were particularly careful to remove all the feathers scattered on the ground, lest we should touch them—yet, in our dormitory, a number of house-martins had built their nests, and we were amused at watching them flying about in all directions, and of course, if communicable, communicating the diseases of the Lazzaret to the adjacent town and country. In the garden of the Lazzaret, were quantities of fruit, and multitudes of birds of all sorts gathered together to devour it, and dispersed themselves on all sides; pigeons

came in numbers from the adjacent villages, and returned to their abodes without molestation or hindrance. How, indeed, if winged creatures can communicate disease, do Lazzarets prevent its communication? Cotton wool is deemed peculiarly susceptible. Now, of this article, from 100 to 150 thousand bales are annually exported from Egypt to Europe. The cotton is cultivated and gathered in districts frequently visited by the plague,—picked and packed by those who are themselves and their families both subject to, and often victims of, the malady. I have frequently heard of instances in which the Arabs, having been attacked by plague, have laid themselves down and died on the bales of cotton wool, afterwards shipped for Europe. The pus from the bubo is often deposited among the cotton, and packed up for our market. Were the plague so contagious as it has been supposed to be—so easily communicable as is pretended,—would not this cotton convey it to those who open the bales, who manipulate it in the Lazzarets—and who are thus exposed to the contagion in its concentrated and most perilous state? But in most of the Lazzarets of Europe, the bales are not opened at all; they remain a certain number of weeks, and are then sent to the markets for sale, and distributed among the manufacturers and artisans without any, the slightest precaution. Now, what is to prevent the introduction of the plague into our ports,—into our manufacturing districts,—into all the towns where our manufactures are sent or consumed,—if it really possess the character which has been attributed to it?

On inquiry at the Mussulman hospitals, where cases of plague are almost always occurring in certain months of the year, I found that their lint and linen were used indifferently for plague and other patients,—that the linen which had been used for plague patients was unscrupulously employed for patients who were the subjects of other disorders, and that no instance had occurred of the communication of the plague by the employment of the linen of the sufferers from plague.*

Dr. Bulard, who has, of late, excited much attention by his attempt to introduce Lazzarets into Constantinople, an attempt from which he is now disassociated in con-

* M. Bulard says, that "in the Esbekier Hospital at Kasro, (which is under the direction of Europeans,) the same beds, linen, shirts, drawers, and sheets, which during six months had been employed for from 2,000 to 3,000 plague patients, were used for general purposes; for those suffering from fever, wounds, ophthalmia, dysentery, syphilis, without other precaution than simple washing in water, without alkali or soap.

"Our own linen was left an hour in water, and ironed by laundresses; while aprons were lying about the place impregnated and almost wholly covered with the pus of buboes, the serum of carbuncles and pestiferous blood."—*Peste*.

sequence of a misunderstanding as to the amount of his own pecuniary recompense, did, while in Egypt, wear, for I believe twenty-four hours, the garments of persons who had died of the plague without being attacked.†

Dr. Bulard, during the period of the discussions as to the Lazzaret establishments in Constantinople, professed his belief in the contagious character of the plague. Many individuals condemned to death were delivered over to be experimented upon, and received by him into the plague hospital. Five he inoculated, most of them several times;—they were inoculated both with the blood and the pus of plague patients—of the five, only one showed any symptoms of the disease. His own deduction is, that these experiments prove nothing, either for or against contagion; because, he says, they were made in a hospital where there were from 500 to 600 plague patients—in an apartment where from fifty to sixty were confined,—on subjects who had been attending the plague patients for a week. The natural inquiry would be—has the plague ever been communicated as the small-pox is communicated, by the virus *alone*—in places remote from spots where the plague is wont to rage? Can any such case be quoted?

In my intercourse with physicians in the East, I have found several examples of attempts vainly made to communicate the plague by inoculation to themselves. Clot Bey has twice inoculated himself, both from the matter of the bubo and from the blood of plague subjects. Dr. Hepitis made several efforts to give himself the plague by repeated inoculations, but in vain. The case of Dr. Rosenfeld has been frequently cited as evidence of the contagiousness of plague. He exposed himself to its action in every conceivable way—sought its worst exhibitions—dwelt habitually among the diseased—accustomed himself even to tear open the buboes of plague patients, and to smear his body with their pus and their blood. He seems to have been of negligent,—not to say filthy habits,—and had for years,—both in Africa, Asia, and Europe, treated the plague with scorn and mockery, professing to have discovered a preservative, with which he secured himself and his followers. It might be a question for curiosity, whether the history of such a man affords most evidence for or against the doctrines of the contagionists; but I cannot refrain from quoting a singular passage in his biography, which Dr. Pezzoni has written, to prove the truth of the popular opinions: "The so-called

† Dr. Bulard's account of himself is as follows:—"I have struggled with the plague for five years. I have lived at different times, and during several months, amidst the cries of suffering thousands of plague-subjects, and the emanations from their dead bodies. I have dissected 300 plague-corpses, and have treated 2,000 plague cases."—*Peste*. N. 4.

invulnerability of Rosenfeld was no stronger proof of his possessing any preventive of the plague than the invulnerability with which the nurses and other persons employed in the plague establishment appear to be endowed,—since they remain both day and night with plague patients, in perfect impunity, dressing their wounds, making their beds, and rendering them every sort of help."

Those who took the greatest precautions were among the sufferers. M. Lardoni was a remarkable instance. He was the most timid of men—he never visited his patients but on horseback, and his appearance is thus described:—"His harness was wholly of unsusceptible materials, his saddle closely covered with oilcloth, his stirrups were braided and his reins made with filaments of the date tree; he had a huge oil-skin cloak in the shape of a sack, which rose above his head and descended beneath his feet; he was always escorted by four servants, one before, one behind, and one at each side, so that no person could approach him." A thousand other ridiculous precautions were adopted by him; they were all in vain; he was attacked, though, for two days after the attack, he declared it was impossible it should be the plague; on the third he announced that it was really the dreaded calamity, and died soon after.

The non-contagionist physician who died was Rigaud. Nothing could be more remarkable than his courage, devotion, or rather self-abandonment; he had no fear of the pestilence, and took no sort of precautions; he attended the sufferers with singular assiduity; paid no regard to his person, was constantly engaged in visiting and assisting the living, or in dissecting the dead; he was worn out, indeed, with fatigue and excessive labour. Yet he passed safely through the most fearful crisis of the pestilence, with health and spirits unbroken. Just as the plague was ceasing, when its violence appeared wholly exhausted, and the season of its disappearance was about to arrive, Rigaud fell ill, and was a speedy victim.

Biography.

CHARLES-NAPOLEON-LOUIS BONAPARTE.

"Time every action will most truly scan,
And show the mind that is within the man."

This prince, third son of Louis Napoleon, brother to the Emperor, and King of Holland, and of Hortense, the daughter of the Empress Josephine, was born in Paris, April 20, 1808. His birth was saluted by the canon of the grand army along the whole of its line. He was not baptized until the 4th of November, 1810, when the ceremony was performed at Fontainebleau, by Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor standing godfather, and the Empress

Maria-Louisa godmother. Napoleon-Louis, as well as his brother, was an object of particular attachment on the part of the Emperor, his uncle, which was not weakened by the birth of the King of Rome. At the return from Elba, he stood by the side of Napoleon during the holding of the *Camp-de-Mai*, and was presented to the deputations from the people and the army. These solemn scenes must have deeply impressed his infant mind, and his affection for France sprung up rapidly under the caresses of the Emperor. When the latter embraced him for the last time at Malmaison, young Napoléon-Louis,* then but seven years old, showed very strong feeling; he wanted to follow his uncle; he cried out, weeping, that he would go and fire off the cannon; and his mother Hortense had much ado to pacify him. His exile now commenced; its first period elapsing at Augsburg, where he pursued the classical studies. There, too, he acquired a familiar knowledge of German. From thence he accompanied his mother to Switzerland, to the canton of Thurgau; and there, while completing his education, by attending courses of natural philosophy and chemistry, he was enabled to follow his personal inclination, by applying himself to military science, and studying engineering and artillery under General Dufour. Here he contracted the manly personal habits of the brave and honest mountaineers. In one of his letters to his mother, we find him "engaged in military reconnoitering in the mountains, walking ten or twelve leagues a-day, with his knapsack at his back, and sleeping under a tent, at the foot of a glacier." It was here he heard of the revolution of July, when he hastened to Paris, and wrote a letter to the King of the French, asking permission to serve in the French army as a common soldier; which offer was rejected, with orders to leave France. In 1831, he was in Italy when the movement broke out in the Papal states; and along with his brother, threw himself into it; and here they remained, the one until his death at Forlì, the other until the capitulation of Ancona; where Napoléon-Louis began to be in real danger. At length, his mother, to save her only remaining son, boldly entered France, by means of a passport furnished her by an Englishman, and drove to the Hôtel de Hollande, where she wrote, with her own hand, to inform Louis-Philippe of her arrival; who, a few days afterwards, sent an order for her to depart; and in a short time they set out

*The Emperor had determined that the eldest of his family should always be called Napoléon. Charles-Louis-Napoléon is now, according to the provisions of the *senatus consultum* of the 28th *fortal*, year xii (1804), the eldest son of the Imperial family. Of his two elder brothers, one died at the age of five years, in 1807, at the Hague; the other, who had been Grand Duke of Berg, died at Forlì, in the Papal States, March 17, 1831. Hence it is that since the latter period he signs himself Napoléon-Louis.

again for Switzerland, after visiting London.

It was in Switzerland, in 1832-33, and 35, that he published his '*Réveries Politiques*,' his '*Considérations Politiques et Militaires sur la Suisse*,' and his '*Manuel d'Artillerie*.' The attempt made by Napoléon-Louis at Strasburg, on the 30th October, 1836, must be in the remembrance of our readers: it was not the result of a daring momentary inspiration; it was the fruit of two or three years' preparatory labour, and of a conviction that the season for action had reached its maturity. At Strasburg he was arrested, and ordered for trial; but eighty generals and superior officers protested against it. The embarkation of Napoléon-Louis for the United States, his return to Switzerland, the late transactions between France and Switzerland, which compelled him once more to remove from the latter country, and seek refuge in England, where he now resides, are all matters of notoriety, and throw no further light upon the character of the young Bonaparte, whom, it is stated in the foreign journals, the Emperor Nicholas intends to marry to his second daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga.

[Compiled from an elaborate translation, in the London and Westminster Review, Dec. 1838.]

THE CHAPEL OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HENRY VI., who, it is generally allowed, was more suited for a cloister than a court, was only nine months old at his accession to the throne. In his natural disposition (observes a recent writer) he was weak and ductile, though, at the same time, more deeply tainted with devotion than was common, even to the general complexion of the times. His predecessors, who were less pious than himself, had been liberal, even to extravagance, in the erection and endowment of religious houses; and Henry, who, to a piety which was little encumbered with state transactions, added the zeal and generosity peculiar to youth, endeavoured, in the erection of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, to eclipse their efforts. His first design for building was upon a small scale; yet afterwards he extended so largely, that Henry himself foresaw that it could not possibly be finished in his lifetime. He left instructions, therefore, with the view to its completion, in his will, and detailed a plan, which, while it reflects the highest credit, at least on the grandeur of his devotional ideas, evinces that, though the architects of those times were unguided by the cold rules of proportion, they still worked upon acknowledged principles, and reconciled solidity and lightness with a better grace than the best

artists of what may be termed the classic era. It is enough to say they understood effect, and that, in their efforts to attain it, they never weakened the buildings they erected. Henry's first foundation, in 1441, was for a rector and twelve scholars; but by a subsequent one, it was to consist of a provost and seventy scholars, who, owing to the incompletion of the monarch's designs, were long confined to the few and inconvenient apartments provided for the smaller society. The plan which Henry had projected in the second instance, was proportionable to the number of people for whose maintenance he had made provision; but the troubles of his reign allowed him to erect only a part of the chapel, which formed the north side of an intended quadrangle. According to Henry's will, the chapel itself was to contain, in length, two hundred and eighty-eight feet of *assise*, without aisles; and all of the width of forty feet. The walls were to be ninety feet in height, embattled, vaulted, and *chare-roffed*; sufficiently buttressed, and every buttress finished with purfled pinnacles or little spires, with flower-work. The window at the west end was to have *nine days*, and the windows on the sides *five days*. Between every buttress in the body of the church, on both sides, were to be *closets*, or small side chapels, with altars; they were to be in length twenty feet, and in breadth ten; and the pavement of the choir was to be a foot and a half above the pavement of the church. How far this building was advanced previous to Henry's death is not satisfactorily ascertained, though it is generally admitted that the eastern end was raised some feet above the ground, and a small portion of the north and south walls were built. The rest was left for his successors, though the whole was not entirely finished till after the year 1530. W. G. C.

PSALM-SINGING.

PSALM-SINGING was much practised by the Anglo-Saxon clergy, laity, and our ancestors; indeed, it was the common employ of the people when alone; the whole Psalter, which was got by heart by children, being sung over sometimes every night, and before eating on Sundays and festivals. The monks used to sing psalms when travelling, and under other employments; and there was formed, for the study and meditation of travellers, a tablet of the Psalms. Our ancient kings joined in the Church service, and sung the offices in surplices. Divine songs were also sung. These were very curious, such as songs sung by Christ, *when on the cross*, adjuring his hearers by the nails, thorns, &c. Beggars sung a *Salve Regina*, Chaucer's *Absalom*, an *Angelus ad Virginem*. Luther, Huss, and other reformers, not Marot, were the means of introducing modern psal-

modity. The custom of singing psalms at church began in 1559 and 1560. Sometimes at Paul's Cross, six thousand persons sung together; and on Sunday evenings the people were wholly occupied in singing psalms, or reading the Book of Martyrs. The ancient practice in church was, on account of those who could not read, for the clerk to repeat each line three times before the commencement and after the conclusion of the morning service; likewise, when there was a sermon, before and after that. It was nearly banished by the puritans; but still it is noted, that the *singing at the siege of York* in 1644, was better than had been known for ages. These severe reformers applied profane tunes to sacred uses, which they termed robbing the devil of them.

Manners and Customs.

BULL-BAITING.

THE town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and Wokingham in Berkshire, were originally the only places where donations were made to perpetuate bull-baiting. The first bull-bait in this country is supposed to have been at Stamford, in the year 1209, in the reign of King John, and at Tutbury, Staffordshire, in 1374. The introduction of it at Stamford was as follows:—"William, Earl Warren, lord of this town, standing upon the walls of the castle, saw two bulls fighting for a cow in the castle meadow, till all the butchers' dogs pursued one of the bulls (maddened with noise and multitude) clean through the town. This sight so pleased the earl, that he gave the Castle Meadow, where the bulls' duel began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a mad bull, the day six weeks before Christmas-day, for the continuance of that sport for ever. George Staverton, by will, dated May 15, 1661, gave the whole rent of his dwelling-house at Staines, after two lives, to buy a bull annually for ever; which bull he gave to the poor of the town of Wokingham, to be there baited, then killed, and properly divided; the offal, hide, and gift-money to be laid out in shoes and stockings, to be distributed among the children of the poor. The alderman and one Staverton, (if one of the name should be living in the town,) to see the work done honestly, that one of the poor's pieces did not exceed another in bigness." These seem to have been the principal donations upon which the practice was originally founded, and afterwards continued upon the plea of charity for its justification. To give it a degree of singularity in the town of Wokingham, St. Thomas's (21st of December) is the day dedicated to the sport, and the market-place the spot destined for the sacrifice. At Wokingham the annual

bull-baiting has been abolished for some years. In 1837, the judges declared bull-baiting to be illegal.

AMONGST the old customs still in due observance in the Pyrenees, is one which usually takes place on Shrove-Tuesday: when, if there happens to be a man in the country who has received a drubbing from his wife—and put up with it, he is seized upon by some of the sturdiest of his neighbours, placed upon an ass with his face turned towards the tail, and so paraded about; and, I believe, with the additional degradation of an explanatory paper pinned to the back or breast.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE CUTCHEE PEOPLE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the delicacy of her appearance, a Cutchee woman is capable of great exertion, and she pursues the fatiguing routine of daily duty without a murmur of discontent. At early dawn she grinds the corn for family consumption, collects the materials for firing, cleans the cooking utensils, and sweeps out the dwelling. Then, with probably a tier of three water-vessels on her head, an infant seated on one hip, which she supports with her arm passed round its body, and an elder child clinging to her skirts, she walks to the nearest well, or tank, returns with the water, cooks the family meal, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. After this, she again goes to the tank to wash herself and her clothes. This, indeed, constitutes her sole amusement. Divested of her upper clothing, she sits in the water laughing and chatting to her neighbours, or trollying some simple ditty, as, with garments neatly tucked around her, she beats her linen against a stone, or holds aloft her gaily-coloured saree, to dry and warm in the sunny breeze.

The natives of Cutch are a very ingenious people. The singular beauty of their goldsmith's works is really wonderful.

The workmen have few tools, and those they have are of the most primitive description. Thus, in embossing a cup, or snuff-box, which, when finished, displays a graceful garlanding of the most delicate flowers, with minute leaves, tendrils, and stems connecting them, the workman forms a large lump of lac round a wooden handle in the form desired, and, having moulded the silver on it, punches it out, in the pattern he requires it to be, by means of a little rough awl, apparently more calculated to mar, than to perfect, the tasteful elegance of the artist's design. The execution of work, under these disadvantages is

* Extracted from Mrs. Postan's interesting work, "Cutch; or Random Sketches of Western India."

necessarily tedious: but its exactness and beauty must proportionably raise our admiration of the manual dexterity of the native artisan.

The Oath-taker.

The cockney is the only man in the world who can direct a stranger in the streets. If you ask a Parisian, he directs you by the names of the streets, and only perplexes you the more; if you inquire of a Scotchman, it is ten to one but he tries to sound your errand; but a Londoner tells you to take the fourth turning to the right, the second to the left, and so on, to the place you want. He is pre-eminently a man of business—quick, keen, precise.—*London and Westminster Review.*

I was much amused the other day by the following literary (? illiterary) blunder of a friend of mine. Happening to have a copy of "Boccaccio's Decameron" in my hand, one of the company recommended me, in a jocular way, to publish an English translation of it. "But," added he; afterwards, "I believe there is one already." "Yes, yes," chimed in my friend, shaking his head with that peculiar look of gravity which is supposed to denote superior wisdom, "Cameron's—Cameron's Boccaccio." M.

Invention of Travelling Carriages.—The travelling chariots were first invented by Colonel Blunt, in Kent; they went with one or two horses, and were so light that, if the horses be good, they might go easily, with two or more persons, fifty or sixty miles a-day. The Earl of Thanet used another kind of new invented carriages, carrying in them five hundred weight of all manner of commodities, the carriage being closely covered to shelter it from rain, and going fifty miles a-day with one horse, which was changed for another at twenty-five miles.—*Vaughan's Protectorate of Cromwell.*

In July 1828, Radama, King of Madagascar, died, and his funeral was solemnized with a pomp suited to the remains of the greatest prince his country ever produced. He was interred in a silver coffin, for the fabrication of which the native smiths melted down 14,000 dollars; large sums of money, with the most costly presents, sent to him by the Kings of France and England, were buried with him: and many thousand head of cattle were sacrificed on the occasion.

When Simonides offered to teach Themistocles the art of remembering, he replied, "I should prefer that of forgetting."

The Spartan Pausanias, in the height and giddiness of his fame and power, asked Simonides for some lively saying to give zest to the conviviality; the poet replied "Remember thou art a man!" Afterwards,

when in utter ruin, and dying of famine, Pausanias exclaimed, "O, Simonides! great was thy word to me; and I, in my folly, held it for naught."

A laughable circumstance took place upon a trial in Lancashire, when Mr. Wood, sen., father of one of the present members for Preston, was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the Judge asked him how he spelt it? The old gentleman replied—

"O double T,
I double U,
E double L,
D double U,
D double O D."

The law-giver said it was the most extraordinary name he ever met with.

The Tombs of the Pretenders.—It is a circumstance which is not generally known, that the three last pretenders to the throne of Great Britain, the dethroned family of the Stuarts, have recorded upon their tombs in the holy cathedral church of St. Peter's, at Rome, their pretended title of Kings of Great Britain and Ireland:—"James III., King of England, born June 10, 1688; died December 30, 1766, aged 78." "Charles III., King of England, born November 30, 1720; died January 31, 1788, aged 68 years." "Henry IX., King of England, Cardinal of York, born March 25, 1725; died August 31, 1807, aged 82. He lived and died a pensioner of King George III., of 4,000*l.* a-year."—Each of these pretenders and ex-kings had most magnificent funerals at Rome.

Steam Fuel.—Experiments have been tried in mixing pitch with coal for steam navigation, and it is said to have answered most effectually.

Early Rising.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to twenty-nine thousand two hundred hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a-day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

Be not cast down with adversity, neither give way to despair. For though clouds may for a season darken the landscape, sunlight will assuredly reillumine the earth. Even so is it with the calamities which visit us in this transitory vale,—they chasten, purify, and leave us.

C. S.

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